

# The TATLER

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and **BYSTANDER**

London,  
November 17, 1943



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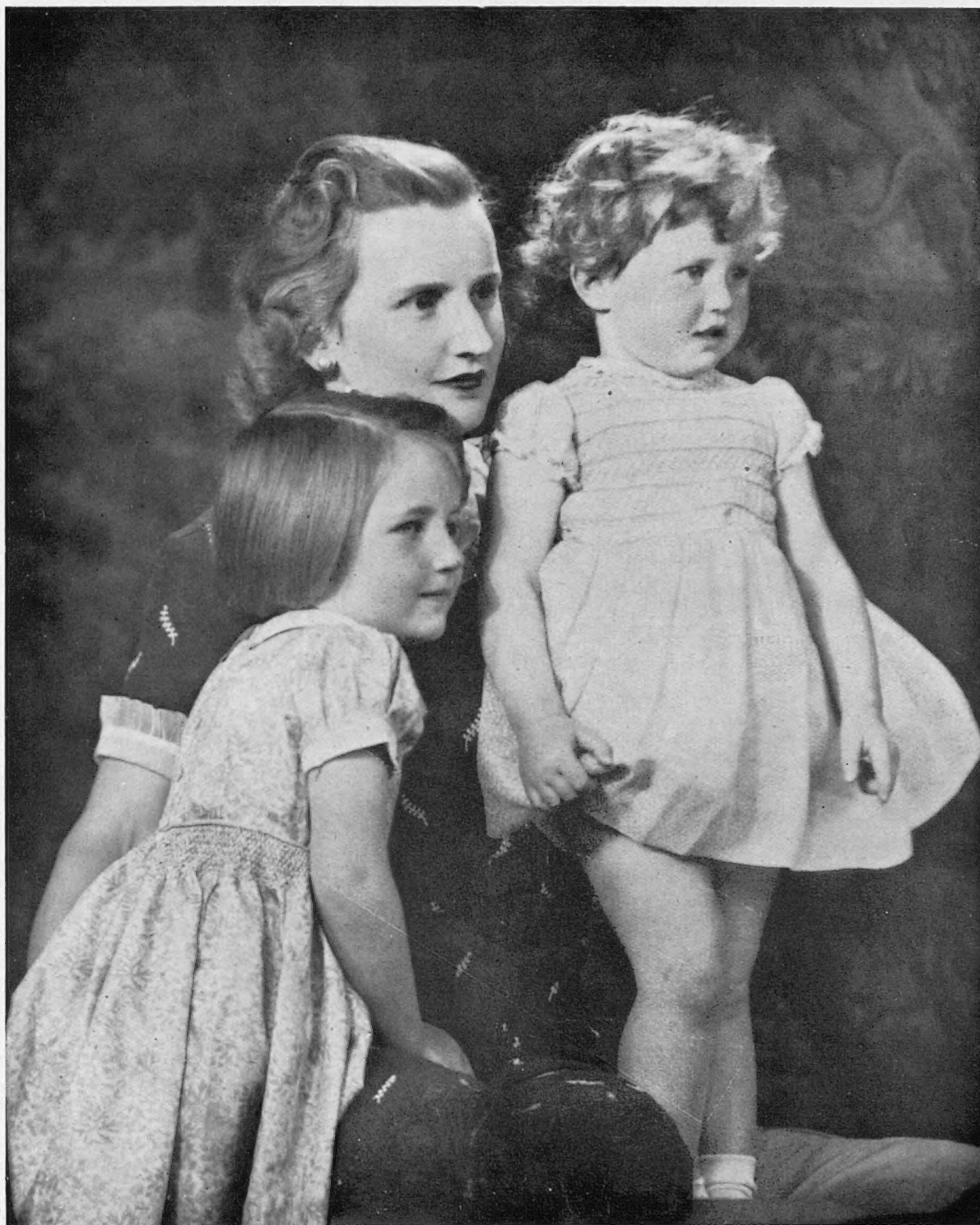
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LONDON

NOVEMBER 17, 1943



Marcus Adams

## The Countess of Lewes and Her Daughters

The Countess of Lewes is the fifth of Major and the Hon. Mrs. John Fenwick Harrison's eight daughters, and is a granddaughter of the late Lord Burnham. Her marriage to the Marquess of Abergavenny's elder son and heir took place in 1938. Major the Earl of Lewes is serving in the Life Guards; he has one brother, and one sister, whose husband, the Earl of Cottenham, succeeded on the death of his brother last July. Lord and Lady Lewes's two little girls, Anne and Vivienne, are five and two years old respectively.





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Prospects

**T**HE new session of this Parliament—the ninth—promises to be one of the most vital and, I hope, constructive in Mr. Churchill's career as Prime Minister. In his speech at the Mansion House he forecast that the war in Europe will reach its climax next year with costly battles and big sacrifices in British and American lives, unless some happy event occurs, and the hand of providence is directed by some crowning mercy.

On this point I would only say this: Christmas is near and next year is not so far away. Obviously, therefore, on Mr. Churchill's own admission, we are about to see great happenings. But Mr. Churchill's greatest admission was his hint that he is planning a policy of "Food, Work and Homes" for the future. In other words, the man who has steadfastly refused to allow any other consideration to encroach on his thoughts but the winning of the war is now planning the peace.

This is a significant and constructive step of great meaning. We are about to see Mr. Churchill in another light, not a new light, but a fresh one. He has always been in the van of reformers from the early days of his political youth. Now that he is a matured statesman of considerable stature we see him preparing a coping-stone to his remarkable career. His place in history as a military leader and a diplomatist is assured. We wish him success as a planner of peace and prosperity for Britain.

## Reconstruction

**F**IRST indications of the scope of the Prime Minister's policy will be revealed in the King's Speech at the opening of the new session.

All the signs are present that Mr. Churchill attaches great importance to his policy as though intent on appealing to the country for a renewed mandate for his Government. In other words, the Prime Minister is more interested in planning the peace than in accepting any of the several lucrative offers he has received to write his memoirs the moment the war is ended.

## Candidates

**I**N the lobbies of the House of Commons there has been a lot of gossip about Mr. Churchill's search for a suitable Minister of Reconstruction, a man fitted to undertake all the problems of transition from war to peace. Many candidates have been selected for the Prime Minister, but he has made his own choice.

The post is no sinecure. On the Minister of Reconstruction will depend the future of this Government, which is one of Mr. Churchill's personal ideals. He believes that only an Administration of this character can guide the country through the peace shoals to firm foundations. For this purpose Mr. Churchill wishes to attain industrial as well as political unity. British industry, which has done so well by this country in war, will, as soon as hostilities end, have to switch to production for trade. Trade prosperity is the only means by which Churchill social reforms can be financed.

## Tribute

**M**ARSHAL STALIN's speech, in which he more generously than ever before acknowledged the help of Britain and the United States, was as much as anything a tribute to Mr. Churchill's foreign policy. It is worth recalling how,

nearly two years ago, the Prime Minister, in the space of a few hours after Russia had been attacked by the Germans, ranged British policy and help alongside Russia without qualification of any kind. It was a great act of statesmanship, and an important turning point in the war for us and, as events have proved, for Russia. It was as generous in its lack of hesitation as was Marshal Stalin's tribute.

## Confirmation

**I**F anything was needed to confirm the advance towards a franker and firmer degree of co-operation than has yet been achieved between Britain, Russia and the United States, it was contained in Marshal Stalin's speech. There was confidence, as well as caution, in every sentence, and a sense of realism which must have struck terror into German hearts. These anniversary speeches delivered by Marshal Stalin are carefully prepared and debated by the Council of Commissars. Thus they represent considered Soviet policy.

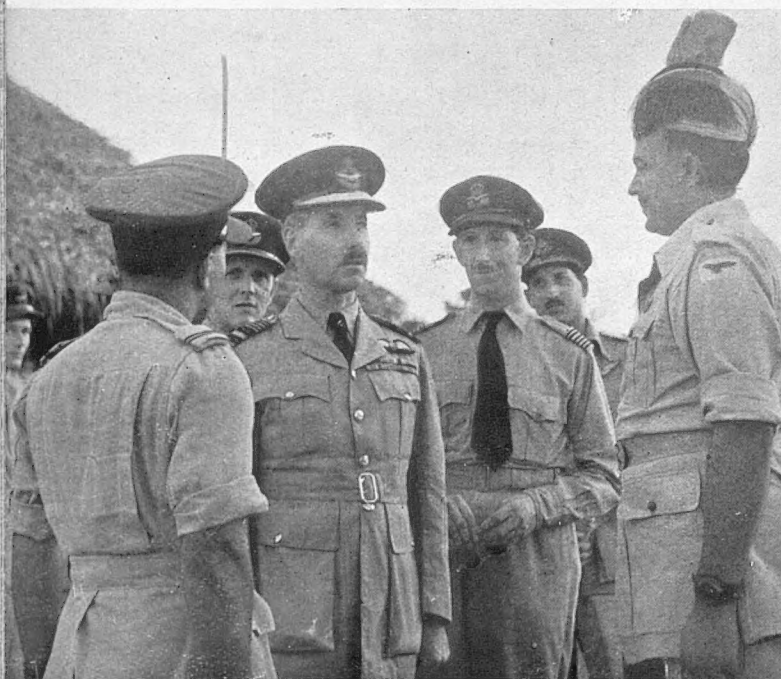
## Contrast

**I**N contrast to Marshal Stalin, it seemed that Hitler was beating the air with his broken promises in an attempt to rouse the Germans to their last and greatest effort. But of all Hitler's recent speeches it must be said that it was his freshest. Here was Hitler, with his back to the wall. He made a lot of damaging admissions, yet was able to put up a show of determination.

Whether he was able to rouse the German people in fact we cannot know. Hitler cannot drive back the Russian armies and bring Allied bombing suddenly to an end by speeches, and the Germans must know this. If Hitler is not able to produce a counter-action of some kind, there is no reason to suppose that the morale of the German people will have been aided by his boast that whatever happens he will not lose his nerve.

## Emergence

**T**HERE is some reason to think that Hitler has lately emerged from temporary retirement. Some time ago he was known to have been living at Berchtesgaden, away from Berlin, and his headquarters on the Eastern Front. It was about this time that Himmler was given his



### Inaugurating Indian Air Technical Training

The Indian Air Force inaugurated their Air Technical Training Scheme by a ceremony at Madras University. Air Marshal Sir Guy Garrod, Deputy A.O.C.-in-C. India, had a word with A/C. Dost Mohammed who, after ten years' service in the Indian Army, joined the I.A.F. last year as a balloon operator.



### Seeing For Himself: Mr. Morgenthau in Malta

Returning from Italy, where he had been gathering information on "what the war costs," Mr. Henry Morgenthau, U.S. Secretary to the Treasury, visited Malta. He is seen here in the dockyards with Vice-Admiral J. H. K. Hamilton, Field Marshal Lord Gort, V.C., Governor of Malta, and Lt. Franklin Roosevelt, Jr.





#### Five Submarine Commanders at an Investiture

*Lt. J. C. Y. Roxburgh, who commands H.M.S. United, received the D.S.O. and D.S.C. Next him, Lt. Alistair Mars, commanding H.M.S. Unbroken, got his D.S.C. Lt. Esmond Martin, in the centre, commander of another submarine, received the D.S.O. and two bars. Lt.-Cdr. R. S. Brooke and Lt. Richard Lakin, commander of H.M.S. Safari, both received the D.S.O.*



#### Inspecting Coast Defences

*Emir Abdul Illah, Regent of Iraq, at present in Britain to inspect the war effort here, visited coast defences in the Dover area. Vice-Admiral Sir Henry D. Pridham-Wippell, Flag Officer commanding Dover, showed him round*

extraordinary powers to control, or suppress, the home front anxieties of the German people. Probably Himmler has succeeded to a greater degree than Hitler ever expected, which has made it easier for him to assume active control of affairs.

We must never forget that the Nazis are used to fighting against heavy odds. They got to power in Germany this way, and Mr. Churchill is right in asserting that Hitler has at his command a much stronger organisation than ever existed in the late Kaiser's day. With disaster facing them we must expect the Nazis to gamble everything on cruelty and ruthlessness. Hitler has warned the Germans that he will fight on, even if the Russians invade Germany. Obviously he is trying to exhort strength from the historical example of his hero, Frederick the Great, who defied the armies which sorely pressed him, and eventually managed to manipulate a peace which saved him. But there were no bombs in those days!

lost him the joint presidency of the committee.

#### Victory

THE Allied victory over Hitler's U-boats is one of the most gratifying rewards of the persistence which has brought us successfully to this stage of the war. This sea menace, which threatened us in the early days of the war, can never be exaggerated. It was one of the Prime Minister's constant anxieties; as it was one of Hitler's main hopes. Even were Hitler able to replace the actual submarines by mass production, he could never find the crews to man them. He can no longer gamble on forcing a political peace by a blockade of the British Isles. Credit for our victory must be shared between the Navy and the Air Force, but a large share must go to the memory of the late Sir Dudley Pound.

#### Folly

SIR WALTER CITRINE is General Secretary of the Trade Union Congress and therefore a man whose words must have some influence on public opinion. By reason of his knowledge and position it is something more than merely bewildering that he should do anything to undermine the organisation of fire watching and the Home Guard at this stage of the war.

All who have anything to do with either of these organisations recognise that the burdens of duty can fall heavily on individuals. But so can bombs; and equally disastrous would be any attempted invasion by Hitler if there were no Home Guard. We shall never be out of danger until the last shot has been fired in this European war—as recent raids have shown—and, therefore, every fire watcher and Home Guard must be on the alert.

#### Leader

GENERAL DE GAULLE's emergence as the sole President of the French Committee of National Liberation at Algiers is a significant development. It shows the strength of the civilian members of the committee. What they have done to General Giraud they might, at some future time, do to General de Gaulle. At the moment his stock stands higher than ever in France. He is the symbol of French resistance to the Germans now, and their overthrow in the future.

General Giraud was never a politician, and he seems to have been content to accept the post of Commander-in-Chief of the French Armed Forces. On the other hand, General de Gaulle has always had political ambitions, and nobody can doubt that he has benefited by his experiences. They have taught him much since he was known as a supporter of right-wing movements in France. He is developing as an astute political strategist, for that alone can explain his influence over such a mixture of political shades as now exist in the Committee of National Liberation.

Early in his voluntary exile General de Gaulle condemned Marshal Pétain as a traitor. Though many—even Frenchmen—doubted the wisdom of this, the fact that General Giraud would not recently do the same appears to have



#### Two More Awards from the King

*W/Cdr. Alan Deere, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, famous New Zealand pilot, who has brought down over thirty enemy aircraft, showed his D.S.O. to Miss Joan Fenton after receiving it from the King*



*G/Capt. John Searby, awarded the D.S.O. and D.F.C., allowed his young son, Martin, to carry them home from the investiture on his coat. G/Capt. Searby commands a Pathfinder Squadron*



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Three Hours of Hemingway

By James Agate

**I**MAGINE the state of mind of a man sitting through Wagner's *Ring* totally unaware that Brünnhilde is Wotan's daughter, or that Siegmund and Sieglinde, Siegfried's father and mother, are brother and sister. Do you think, dear reader, it would make much difference to that spectator's enjoyment? In my view, none. The old gentleman in the nightshirt is, at all times, a crashing bore, and it is all one to me whether he is maundering about the gold standard or the temperature of the Rhine or its maidens. But the *Ring* happens to contain some of the most exciting music ever written, a glory of sheer sound expressing nothing but itself, just as a sunrise and a sunset express nothing but themselves. Listening to it, I just don't want to know whether Fafner has gobbled up the Earth-mother, or Mime swallowed his master's sword. What I listen to, sitting at Wagner, is the sound; as far as I am concerned the sense can go hang.

*For Whom The Bell Tolls* (Carlton) affected me the other evening in very much the same way. For the first hour I was not at all certain which side all these unwashed brigands belonged to. Somebody wanted to blow up a bridge. What bridge? Somebody wanted to send a message through to somebody else. What message? The last time I saw Gary Cooper he was a champion at the ball game. What was the Pride of the Yankees doing in a country whose

flat spaces would hardly accommodate a billiard table? Why should these bearded and unappetising ruffians harbour Ingrid Bergman, blonde as a glacier? Could it be that like Sonja Henie she was about to skate? If so, on what? Why did the dirtiest and most drunken of these scoundrels dither between loyalty and treachery, heroism and cowardice? What was the point of that elderly Joan of Arc?

**A**ND then the fog was momentarily lifted. One of the brigands asked Gary Cooper what made him stick his nose into all this? Whereupon Gary replied: "Well, buddy, it's like this. We Yanks might have let you settle your own domestic disputes among yourselves. But then the Germans and Italians hit on the idea of using your war as a rehearsal for the abominable conflict they are about to let loose on mankind. Which was too much for decent Americans. We are over here to do what we can for the simple, peace-loving heart of Spain." After which Gary went on to tell the Republicans that they were the salt of the earth and would no more dream of harming a hair of a nun's head than of killing a fly. And then Ingrid laid her Nordic curls on part of Gary's enormous chest and confessed that on the contrary it was the horrible Fascists who had cut all her hair off, and worse. And then, by way of showing what nice-mannered, charming people Republicans are, we were shown a ghastly

sequence in which elderly Spanish Fascists are made to pass down a lane of Republicans battering them to death with clubs. And then the fog came down again, and there was a lot more about blowing-up the bridge and getting the message through. And the bell tolled for Gary, as we knew all along it was going to. And Ingrid made a lot of fuss about it. Which we also anticipated.

**R**EADER, don't get me wrong. That a film is serious and well-intentioned is no reason why it should be of extraordinary length. This film does not go on an hour after it has said all it had to say. It reverses the process, and doesn't begin to say anything until an hour has passed. It is **ONE HOUR TOO LONG**. But it is magnificent to look at. Sam Wood, who directs, has presented the High Sierra Nevada mountains of Northern California so that they look like canvasses by some modern Spanish painter. In other words, less like mountains than lumps of artfully coloured cardboard. The décor throughout the film is superb. And the acting? The best I have ever seen in any film. No, I don't mean Gary and Ingrid who just put over the usual Hollywood stuff and do it very well. The superbity of the acting comes in with the seven or eight superb performances of the rascally or heroic, and in any case hirsute and smelly rogues. At their head stands the consummate Pablo of Akim Tamiroff. Judging by what some of my colleagues have written about Katina Paxinou you would think it was the first time they had ever seen a woman act. Well, perhaps it is. In this film, Paxinou, as Pilar, who is a kind of gipsy Boadicea, has little to do except look "werry fierce" in the best Nancy Price manner. I am not going to pretend that her performance is on the level of her Electra, because the rôle doesn't permit that it should be. However, it is fine enough to give one a hint of the great tragic actress Paxinou nearly is. Incidentally, I think whoever prepared the preliminary literature should have known better than to call her the Lynn Fontanne of Greece. Since she is a tragédienne there might have been some sense in calling her the East Lynne Fontanne of Greece!

**T**HE foregoing disquisition has left me little space for Charles Laughton's new picture, *The Man From Down Under* (Empire). Which is a good thing in a way, because there is not much to say about it. It has one of the silliest stories ever invented, even by the scribes of Hollywood. It reeks of the rankest improbability, as when two little refugees seen at first with unmistakably Belgian faces and Belgian accents, are supposed to grow up into two typical Americans—a boxer and his cutie. Here Richard Carlson, as the male of the two, does quite nicely, while Donna Reed, as his supposed sister—which, as Richard is in love with her, and to spare our blushes, she turns out not to be—has nothing to do and does it very efficiently. Binnie Barnes has a synthetic part, which is fish, flesh and not-particularly-good red herring all in one; which, however, she makes, I suppose, the best of. Remains Charles, who continues to play parts for which neither his build, his voice nor his temperament suit him. Here he plays a bull-dog, pugnacious, good-hearted Australian, speaking throughout with an accent more reminiscent of South Lambeth than New South Wales. Charles is incapable of giving a really bad performance; but his strenuous and, no doubt, sincere efforts in this piece to impersonate something which is the very antithesis of his true personality are painful to behold. I long to see him revert to his old creepy-crawly-kind of part, in that he was inimitable. We all liked this leopard's spots; why must he try so hard to change them?



"The Man from Down Under"—Charles Laughton's New Picture

Charles Laughton's new picture shows him as a good-hearted Australian, Jocko Wilson. Having survived the first Great War, during which he has adopted two Belgian children, Jocko sets himself up as a tavern-keeper back home in Sydney. The two children grow up: the boy, Nipper (Richard Carlson) to become a famous boxer, the girl, Mary (Donna Reed), a beautiful young woman. Comes 1939; Jocko and Nipper both volunteer. Jocko is turned down, but signs up with a National Works Battalion. Nipper fights in Malaya, is wounded and sent home. He arrives just in time to team up with Jocko, and save Mary from the hands of the Japs. Romance is introduced in the love story of Nipper and Mary. (Above) Charles Laughton (centre) is seen with Binnie Barnes and Clyde Cook





*Col. Jock Whitney and  
Lady Alexandra Metcalfe*



*The Fourth Sea Lord  
and Mrs. Pegram*



*Lady Woolton, Wife of the new Minister  
of Reconstruction, and Her Daughter*

## London First Nighters at "For Whom The Bell Tolls"



*Lord and Lady Sempill*



*Air Marshal R. Williams*



*Lady Louis Mountbatten*



*Major Ben Lyon*



*The new Chancellor of the Exchequer,  
Sir John Anderson and Lady Anderson*



*Lord MacGowan, Mr. R. C. Rootes (in rear),  
Sir William Rootes and Lady MacGowan*



*Sir Alexander Korda, the film producer, and  
Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the well-known novelist*



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Panama Hattie (Piccadilly)

LIKE ancient Gaul, this modern American hullabaloo is divided into three parts: music, spectacle, and comedy; and in that respect it is traditional. The placing of these three elements, however, is as follows: comedy (highly knockabout) first, Mr. Cole Porter's music second, spectacle a good wartime third. Such plot as there is gets in a word or two when it can, but knows its place too well to intrude. Miss Bebe Daniels does not trifle with the heroine, but puts that tough young woman through her paces with irresistible force and jollity. She is of the stuff that power stations, tropical summers, and thoroughly good sorts are made. She has two gears—all-out, and then some; and when she accelerates, the pace is scorching.

As Panama Hattie, she does support the pun by wearing one superb local hat; and the famous canal does more or less irrigate the local offing. But that is about as far as the authors go towards relating one to the other, or either to what may only by courtesy be termed the plot. This perhaps is just as well; for if Miss Daniels's blithe spirits consented to narrative checks on their native exuberance, there are three British tars, out to paint Panama town red, who would certainly have created even more havoc than they do. As things are, Mr. Cole Porter, who knows his stuff, is wisely content to let his musical numbers play second fiddle to the fun.

THERE are, we know, vocalists who rely on the microphone's artless aid to carry their confidences over the footlights to the back of beyond. Miss Daniels is not one of them. Nature has gifted her with a singing voice whose huskiest whisper leaves nothing unheard; so her use of the microphone is perhaps merely a kind of compliment

to prevailing fashion.

She is above all a sport. With the greatest good humour and astonishing agility, she lends herself, and the exquisite white confection that goes with the hat, to a pas de quatre with those disabling seamen, which becomes such a welter of pitch and toss as only a reckless seagull caught out in a typhoon might welcome or survive. And, having weathered it, been hurled bodily into space, and landed all-sitting, she is only sartorially a little ruffled as she bows her still smiling acknowledgments of our congratulatory applause.

She, and the three festive matelots—Messrs. Richard Hearne, Jack Stanford, and Max Wall—are the making of the show. Primed with that seagoing vim that enables sailors to find and lose wives in every port, these acrobatic stars reach their comic zenith in a masterpiece of traditional knockabout that would fortify a dozen mere pantomimes.

Little Miss Betty Blackler is a complete contrast. She has the talent, without the tricks, of an infant prodigy, and looks like a niece of Alice in Wonderland. Spared rough handling by the convivial seamen, she supplies demure realism to set off the more deliberate demureness of Mr. Claude Hulbert's ineffable butler; and, with the aplomb of unstained innocence, stops (as they say) the show.

The well-favoured, well-turned-out chorus parade the Plaza, and glide into song and dance with disciplined ease and authority. It would seem (to one who perforce judges by hearsay) that this production by Mr. William Mollison is as near to one of their



"The Love Racket" at the Victoria Palace

A cheerful foursome in the late Stanley Lupino's musical play consists of Roy Royston as Jimmy Blake (film scenarist), Arthur Askey as Tony Merrick (film director), Valerie Tandy as Jimmy Blake's wife, and Peggy Carlisle as Mrs. Merrick (film star)

home-town shows as our gallant visitors are likely to see and enjoy this side of peace and Broadway.

## The Love Racket (Victoria Palace)

THE Victoria Palace is a large popular house, and Mr. Arthur Askey is a small but similarly popular comedian. This musical play, of which he is the life and soul, was concocted by the late Stanley Lupino, and makes no pretence to be a dramatic masterpiece. Its plot won't bear thinking about, and doesn't want to. The unravelling of its narrative threads would probably give Einstein a headache. Purporting to be tangled in Hollywood, U.S.A. (though Cricklewood, N.W.2 would serve), they give Mr. Askey many laughter-compelling cues, and enable Mr. Roy Royston to show how well his comedic gifts have mellowed. It is a most friendly show. Miss Carol Raye, the leading young lady, has a freshness and footlight efficiency rare in such surroundings. She sings well enough and dances delightfully. Such three-dimensional appearances as this will abate none of Mr. Askey's radio popularity, and should increase the esteem of those more exacting fans who maintain that seeing is believing.

Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Hattie finds her future daughter-in-law a severe critic (Bebe Daniels, Betty Blackler and Ivan Brandt)



Bebe Daniels is the Star of "Panama Hattie" at the Piccadilly Theatre

Three sailors of the British Navy keep the fun going (Max Wall, Richard Hearne and Jack Stanford)



The imperturbable butler is irreproachably portrayed by Mr. Claude Hulbert



# "She Follows Me About"

Robertson Hare in a New Farce  
by Ben Travers



Caroline: "We've nothing on underneath these wraps"

Cuffe: "I know. We'd already established that"

The Rev. Stanley Cuffe (Robertson Hare) meets two young Waafs (Joyce Heron and Pauline Tennant) on the beach



Cuffe: "I only put my arms around her in a sudden spasm"  
Mona: "Oh, did you? That's not at all like you"  
Tackled by his wife (Catherine Lacey) on the current rumours, Mr. Cuffe explains. Fortunately, his wife believes him



Charlie: "Don't you worry. I'll stand by you"  
Through his friend Charlie (Basil Radford), the Rev. Stanley Cuffe hears that the Watch Committee is reporting his behaviour on the beach to the Bishop

Photographs by  
John Vickers

*She Follows Me About*, the new farce written and directed by Mr. Ben Travers at the Garrick Theatre, is presented by Linnet and Dunfee. It provides a vehicle of established design for Mr. Robertson Hare and he takes full advantage of the opportunity it offers. As a respectable, but misjudged, clergyman whose kindly interest in two holiday-making Waafs rouses the zealous ire of the Watch Committee, Mr. Hare has a part after his own heart. Catherine Lacey gives an excellent performance as Mrs. Vicar; so does Basil Radford as the faithful friend Charlie, and spirited youth is added by the presence of two comparative newcomers to the London stage, Joyce Heron and Pauline Tennant



Charlie: "You have a crack at this, Mrs. Vicar. It's good for dyspepsia"  
The vindication of Mr. Cuffe's respectability which follows the visits of two bishops, one real, the other bogus, is celebrated by a small party at the Tufflock Vicarage. (Catherine Lacey, Robertson Hare, Basil Radford and Pauline Tennant)



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Going to Australia?

ALTHOUGH not as yet officially confirmed, it seems likely that the Duke of Gloucester will shortly be going to Canberra to take over from Lord Gowrie, who has served as Governor-General of the Commonwealth for a record period of seven years. The news is not altogether surprising to friends of the Royal Family, for it is known that the Duke has been anxious to find some more active field for his energies for some time. He will succeed a great soldier, for Lord Gowrie was awarded the Victoria Cross while in command of the Camel Corps in the Sudan, and the D.S.O., with Bar, during the First World War.

One of the vital matters both the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will have to decide during the next few weeks is the question of a suitable staff to accompany them to Australia. When, just before the war, the Duke of Kent was preparing to go out as Governor-General, he asked Sir Eric Mievile, Assistant Private Secretary to His Majesty, to accompany him as Private Secretary. Whether Sir Eric could be spared from the Palace now, when he and Sir Alan Lascelles have to divide between them the duties formerly carried out by a staff of four, remains to be seen. Certainly he would be very much missed in London. The Duchess, too, will have to select a Lady-in-Waiting who is prepared for a four-years stay in the Commonwealth. Her present Ladies-in-Waiting are Miss Eva Sandford and the Hon. Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson, a daughter of the former Baron Knaresborough.

### 'Flu Victim

ONE of the latest victims of 'flu has been the Dowager Lady Lloyd, Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess Royal. The attack came on suddenly just before Lady Lloyd was due to begin a full week's programme of visits with the Princess to A.T.S. units and camps. She recovered only in time to accompany H.R.H. to Y.M.C.A. canteens in the West Riding. One of her next public engagements will be on the 20th of this month, when a concert is to be given at the Albert Hall in aid of the fund to set up a memorial to the late Lord Lloyd, who was for so long the energetic President of the Navy League. The concert has been organised by the Countess Beatty and her friends, and

Irene Scharrer and Janet Howe are to be the soloists. A target of a quarter of a million pounds is aimed at for the memorial, which is to take the form of an endowment of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps to ensure that after the war there shall be adequate training facilities for all boys who want to enter the Navy—an arrangement which the late Lord Lloyd considered of vital importance to the security and well-being of this country. The late Lord Lloyd's son, the present baron, is in the Coldstream Guards. He is one of the many young men of position who have interests in the insurance world, and I understand



### Hertfordshire Wedding

Lt. G. T. Barnes, D.S.C., R.N., wounded in the invasion of Sicily, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Barnes, married Miss Finella Harrison, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison, at King's Walden Bury



### Grosvenor Chapel Christening *Swabe*

The baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge was christened at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, on November 2nd. He received the names of Emerson de Pinna, and had eight godparents

he is one of those far-sighted people at Lloyd's who have recently gone in for aviation insurance. He married Lady Victoria Ogilvy, daughter of the seventh Earl of Airlie, last year, and they have a daughter, born in March.

### French in Great Britain Fund

LADY CREWE's lovely panelled sitting-room in her Georgian home in King's Road, Chelsea, is crowded just now with the special treasures which she and her Committee of the French in Great Britain have gathered together for their Christmas sale. This is to be held at Molyneux's show-rooms at 48, Grosvenor Street, starting on December 1st, and should provide a wonderful opportunity for buying lovely and unusual Christmas presents. Queen Mary has sent a really beautiful Faberge sunshade handle of carved light-green jade and coral-pink enamel on gold. This will figure in the auction, which will be the culmination of the sale, and which will be conducted by Sir Alec Martin, of Christie's. Men should have a particular interest in at least one item in the sale, which consists of a set of salmon flies given by Lady Crewe's brother-in-law, Gen. Sir Arthur Grant. Other items of masculine interest should be the magnum of 1919 burgundy and Mrs. Corrigan's gift of whisky and gin. For women,



### Both Sides of a Table at the Bagatelle

Col. R. H. Bellamy and Capt. and Mrs. Eric Cooper-Key were backs to the room. Capt. Cooper-Key, who is in The Royal Norfolk Regiment, married Prudence Mathews last year

On the other side of the table were Mrs. R. H. Bellamy, Lt.-Col. Sir John Carew Pole, Miss M. H. Davidson and Capt. W. E. Bagwell. Sir John is in The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry

*Swabe*





### Capt. J. Brittain-Jones Marries Mrs. D. Philips in London

Capt. J. Brittain-Jones and Mrs. Daphne Philips were married at Caxton Hall on November 4th. The bride is the elder daughter of Mr. Percy Dukes, of Brockham Warren, Walton-on-the-Hill

Mr. William Agar and Viscountess Erleigh, sister of the bride, were at the wedding reception. Lady Erleigh's second son was born in September this year

Sir William and Lady Rootes and Marie, Marchioness of Willingdon were wedding guests. Sir William is chairman of the Supply Council at the Ministry of Supply

Swaebe

there will be bottles of perfume, beauty boxes and fancy jewellery. Other treasures will include an ultra-modern diamond, ruby and gold clip, an antique tapestry chair (sent by Lady Juliet Duff), Lord Crewe's first edition of *David Copperfield*, a landscape by Augustus John and Noel Coward's own handiwork as an artist represented by a water-colour seascape. Lady Crewe and her Committee are still eager to receive articles suitable for Christmas presents for the sale, which will benefit French civilians in need of assistance and also help to provide clubs and interests for French sailors now based on these shores. They should be sent to Lady Crewe, c/o French in Great Britain Fund, Tufton Court, Tufton Street, S.W.1.

### Royal Society of Portrait Painters

THE Private View of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, which is holding its fifty-first annual exhibition at Burlington House, was very crowded. No fewer than five exhibitions of different kinds are now open in the various rooms of the Royal Academy, so it is well worth a visit. The Royal Society Exhibition will remain open until December 4th. At the Private View I saw Jean, Lady Brougham and Vaux, who came to see the portrait of her

five-year-old son, Michael, and was going round with its painter, Lady Queensberry, whose work is done under her maiden name of Cathleen Mann. (Incidentally, Lady Queensberry was quite the brightest thing in the gallery, wearing a coat and little hat of royal blue.) Lady Brabourne was there, sitting opposite a fine portrait of President Roosevelt; Mrs. Simon Elwes, who had many works by her husband to inspect, including a fine one of the King of the Hellenes in tropical khaki, as well as several others of notable soldiers; Lady Muriel Gore-Browne and the Hon. Mrs. Arnold Henderson were in the throng, and the Netherlands Ambassador and his distinguished-looking wife arrived late in the afternoon for a look round. The picture of Miss Priscilla Bullock, Lord Derby's granddaughter, shows her in a light-blue frock, and not in her uniform as a W.R.N.S. 3rd Officer. There are portraits of quite a number of young married women, including one of Mrs. Jardine Hunter Paterson in white tulle and sequins—very pre-war. Among the paintings of young men there is one of Angus Malcolm wearing the tartan of his clan over his shoulder. His mother, Lady Malcolm, who is busy on factory work, was fortunately able to find time to pay a brief visit to the gallery.

### December Wedding

THE engagement of Major Victor FitzGeorge-Balfour to Miss Mary Christian, which was announced a short time ago, is not to be a long one, for the King has given his permission for them to be married in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace on the 4th of next month. The choice of the Chapel Royal has a particularly sentimental interest for the bridegroom, for his parents were married there and his mother christened there. Major FitzGeorge-Balfour only recently arrived home after four years with his regiment in the Middle East and in Sicily. He is staying with his mother at her house in Wilton Crescent. He is one of Queen Mary's godsons, and will inherit the pictures, objets d'art, and various other treasures which were bequeathed to his mother by her paternal grandfather, the great Duke of Cambridge, who was a cousin of Queen Victoria. His bride-to-be is a daughter of the late Admiral Arthur Christian, C.B., M.V.O., and the late Mrs. Christian, of Stonerwood, Hampshire, and a niece of Lord Monsell. She is a V.A.D., and has been nursing at Petersfield with her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Christian, who was Bridget Smiley, Mrs. Denton Carlisle's elder daughter.

(Concluded on page 216)



### Round the London Restaurants: Six Young People Dining Out

Lt. Edwin F. Russell, U.S. Navy, and Lady Sarah Russell, whose wedding took place last May, were dining out at the Bagatelle. She is the Duke of Marlborough's eldest daughter

At the Mirabelle the Hon. Patricia Stourton was the guest of Mr. R. Selby. She is Lord and Lady Mowbray and Stourton's only daughter, and came out last year

Lord and Lady Andrew Cavendish were another young couple at the Bagatelle. He is the Duke of Devonshire's younger son, and married Lord Redesdale's youngest daughter in 1941

Swaebe





Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Sleuthing calls for disguise. The Hulberts, masquerading as an Edwardian couple, teach the younger generation how to dance



As Terry Potter and Jack Pendleton, Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert, ex-fiancées and present members of the Air Force, find they are billeted in Jack's own house as waitress and handyman

## The Hulberts

"Something in the Air" Brings Jack and Cicely Back to the Palace Theatre

● The return of the Hulberts to the London stage is always an event. *Something in the Air* is distinguished not so much for its plot, which follows the Hulbert tradition of spy-sleuthing and misunderstanding, but for the slickness of its production by Jack Hulbert and the excellence of the costumes and décor. Add to this the artistry of the Hulberts themselves, the natural gaiety of Miss Gabrielle Brune and the youthful charm of Miss Jean Gillie, and you have a show which cannot fail to give you an evening of happy entertainment



An innocent kiss given by Jack to his pretty secretary, Roberta (Jean Gillie), leads to trouble between Jack and Terry



Early morning finds Terry Potter doing her best to keep pace with the B.B.C. instructions for health and figure exercises





The opening scene shows Jack Pendleton's house at Ascot as it was in the summer immediately preceding the war



In the lovely salon of an exclusive shop, Mandy (Gabrielle Brune) sings of the difficulties of wartime shopping



Jack and Terry, absent without leave from the A.F., and hot in pursuit of a German spy, are aided by Sergeant Austin (Ronald Shiner)



"The Air Force Didn't Want Me." Cicely sings. The Hulbert team are at the very top of their form in this, their latest production, which gives them plenty of opportunity to demonstrate the versatility of their artistry



Three clever housemaids who play the xylophones and do a very original housemaids' dance (Peggy Watson, Sabina Gordon and Eunice Crouther)

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**B**ARRICADES are up, apparently, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, Paris, and nothing could seem more homey, we guess, to the natives of that turbulent and varnish-scented quarter.

As we may have boasted before, we have a distinguished friend, now in his 70's, who in his childhood used to be taken to visit the aged Mlle. Montgolfier, sister of the pioneer of ballooning. In her own childhood Mlle. Montgolfier had seen from a balcony the crowd pouring up the Faubourg St. Antoine to attack the Bastille, and could clearly remember the red caps, the guns, the pikes, and the hours of aimless yelling and milling round before the Bastille was finally rushed and its poor old tottery garrison massacred. In 1830, 1848 and 1871 the barricades were up in the Faubourg again and the inhabitants brawling. Making furniture, which has been the Faubourg's other main occupation for centuries, seems to go to its head, or maybe that native aura of varnish, paint, turpentine and wood-shavings makes it restless. Of late years a sort of Communist night-school has flourished there, with a "people's theatre" attached. Any future anti-Nazi revolt *en masse* of the Paris population will undoubtedly start again from the old stand.

## Footnote

**T**HE British furniture industry seems docile enough, and any rebellion, hate or sadism it may nourish obviously goes into its more vexing handiwork. We saw a "suite" in a shopwindow recently which

the Marquis de Sade himself might have designed in his late or certifiable period. Staring at it were two or three innocent round-eyed pairs of youthful citizens in love. Their children would probably have two heads apiece, we thought, which would make them more interesting, at any rate.

## Feat

**T**RAINING three large British virgins plastered with oil to swim the Channel is no mean feat, and we thought the late Jabez Wolffe deserved bigger obituaries, though he failed to swim it himself.

The 1900's were pretty tough and did not shrink from beginning a summer day by looking at newspaper-pictures of huge greasy girls grimacing in perfect agony with gasping wide-open mouths and threshing the angry waves like maddened whales. Rising midway in the Channel, as every sailor knows, are two high hills called the Varne and the Colbert, which at some tides nearly scrape the keel. Girl Channel swimmers probably stubbed their toes on these *en passant* and yelped aloud; having ceased by then to care for appearances and knowing that when they staggered ashore at Gris Nez the maire would be there with the photographers in his bowler hat, trying not to grin. By that time it was quite hopeless to compete with Gaiety girls for the peerage. Making faces behind the Gaiety footlights was a different thing from making faces on a windswept,



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"This is my eldest boy, E for Egbert"

shingly beach, cold, dripping, exhausted, petulant, and reeking of Bovril, oil and fish-scales.

Having stared dully a moment at these pictures of girlish self-immolation the Race yawned and turned to the racing news. His Majesty's Minoru entered for the Derby. Gad!

## Dance

**A**NOTHER of those rogue balletomanes (you find them under stones) has been giving tongue about the origins of ballet, and, as usual, he seemed to think the dance King David performed before the Ark was a wild kind of can-can.

It was obviously nothing of the sort. Being an Oriental dance it was undoubtedly grave, hierarchic, and almost immobile, except for the feet. We guess it was something like the historic dance which the Seises—the sixteen boys in the blue-and-white livery of Philip IV. with plumed hats—dance before the high altar of Seville Cathedral on certain high feasts at Vespers: a slow, graceful, dignified, intricate minuet, with *coplas* of the Immaculada, sung in between and a roll of castanets at the end of a movement. The Seises' feet never leave the ground and their hands are never raised above elbow-level. King David's feet and hands likewise. Even in secular dancing Orientals—barring the Russians—never chuck themselves round, still less indulge in paranoiac epilepsy, like floozies doing "swing." On the other hand Orientals are not frozen dead from the waist up, like the sahibs and their partners in the Mayfair Fertility Dance you used to see in every expensive hotel before the war.

## Footnote

**G**LASSY eyes, almost complete immobility, and three ritual hand-claps at the end of the dance—we once asked a fascinated French observer what he thought the symbolism

(Concluded on page 206)



Mervyn Wilson.

"Well, I'd rather you didn't borrow it—just sit down and I'll tell you the plot"



# London Roundabout



At the Overseas League reception to Allied and Dominion officers, Lord and Lady Denham were chatting to Sir Thomas Cook, M.P., chairman of the League's welcome committee



Guests at the Overseas League Reception in London

M. Fedor Gusev, the new Soviet Ambassador, was talking to Lady Brabourne and Mr. W. H. McGrath, who is on the council of the Overseas League



General Smuts is Godfather

Little Petrina Hugo, daughter of G/Capt. Peter Hugo, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Mrs. Hugo, had General Smuts as her godfather at her London christening. Here she is seen with the General and her grandmother, Mrs. Seeds



Miss Cynthia Elliott, who nursed prisoners of war in Germany while herself a prisoner, was a guest at the reception, and is seen with Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., and Cdr. J. J. Ide, U.S. Navy



Private View: the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at Burlington House

Mr. Cyril Roberts, R.B.A., the artist, showed Air Vice-Marshal Ronald Graham his portrait of Mrs. Godfrey Tearle, wife of the actor



Mrs. Jardine Hunter Paterson stood by her portrait by Miss Flora Lion, with Lt. Peregrine Fellowes and the artist. Miss Lion's picture of Lt. Fellowes's wife is also shown at the exhibition

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

of the handclap was. He thought it signified "Goddam." He said it was the same thing as the English custom of entering a restaurant and saying "Goddam," whereupon food is immediately brought, or the English custom of saying "Goddam" to a woman, meaning "I love you." An interesting theory.

## Lycanthrope

BAFFLED as usual, and in the same old trying bowler hats, Scotland Yard apparently can't discover why eight attempts were recently made to set Chiswick Town Hall on fire.

Our feeling is that if they combed those charming 18th-century houses on Chiswick Mall, where Pope used to live, they'd find a dapper cultured citizen with an exquisitely-rolled umbrella and mad blue eyes who is sick of the Life Beautiful among glazed chintz and old china and colour-prints after Hogarth and Wheatley and women with low, tuneful voices, and prowls round Chiswick by night, howling. Probably at certain phases of the moon he turns into a wolf. Lycanthropy, as this is called, flourishes notoriously in Hampstead Garden Suburb, celebrated for its culture, so why not in Chiswick, which is moreover on the river, so flowing and sinister? It may be a commonplace, for all you know.

"I then warned 'im, your worship, and 'e turned forthwith into a wolf."

"A wolf?"

"Yes, your worship. I then charged 'im with disorderly conduct and 'e 'owled at me an' ran away in the direction of Chiswick Town Hall."

"Anything to say?"

"No, sir."

"A man of your education and social position should be ashamed of behaving in this un-English manner. Thirt—"

"As a matter of fact it's precisely my social position which—"

"Thirty shillings or seven days."

Another solution might be that some lover of beauty happened to be passing Chiswick Town Hall.

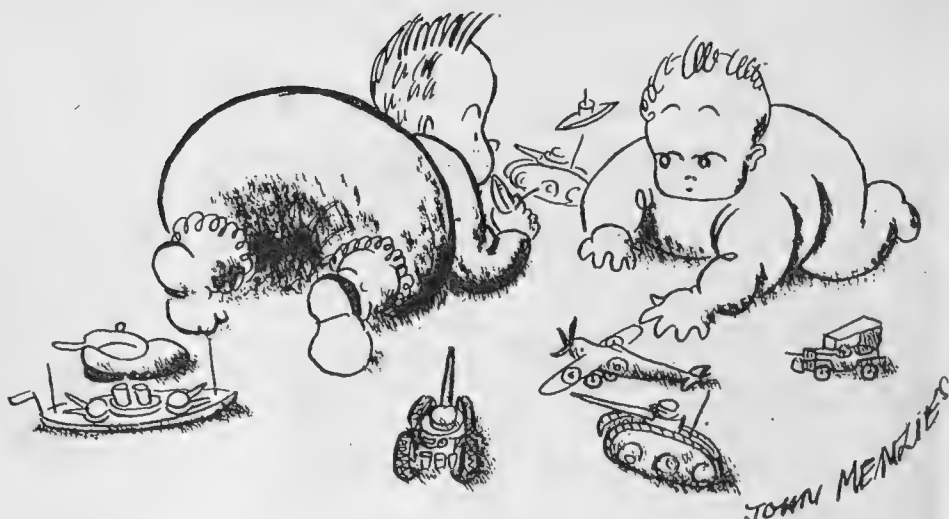
## Chinoiserie

FARMERS are begging the Min. of Agriculture to allow them to lay off the ploughing-programme in certain areas where land is liable to flooding, and to concentrate on livestock. This seems to us in the Hick Belt to be putting dangerously picturesque ideas into Whitehall's head. Trip with us into Block F, Wing C, Room 189, and listen to the chatter at teatime.

"Flooded land—why on earth not, Eric? They can grow rice."

"Rice?"

"You know, like the Chinese and so forth. Paddy-fields."



"What are we going to do with all this stuff after the war?"

"They'd have to wear loin-cloths."  
 "They wouldn't mind that."  
 "Trouble is, Rollo, they'd look all right but their wives would look all wrong. I mean their wives haven't got almond eyes and so forth."  
 "Well, almost any beauty surgeon could fix that."  
 "I'll put it up to Number One."  
 "They'll need gongs, too. And what about little bells on their hats?"  
 "I'll draft a memo right away."  
 "Well, make it quite clear that rice doesn't come in tins, like the other stuff."

One must admit that Whitehall narks and inspectors in brocade gowns snooping round from behind fans would brighten up the countryside a bit.

## Show

LIKE the new boy at Eton whose fond mother said to the Head: "Faughslake is a dear, sweet boy, but he *can not* brook interference," our late regretted *Bystander* playmate Archie Macdonell greatly resented any public criticism of his appearance or habits coming from the Chairman of the Late Joys at the Players' Theatre during a performance. A polished but spirited riposte by The Macdonell, sounding like the Wykehamist version of the Black Curse of Uistean More M'Gillie Phadrig, is one of our earliest memories of this agreeable institution.

The Players have long since moved from Covent Garden to Albemarle Street, and continue to interpret Victorian diablerie in song and story with their accustomed spirit and elegance. In an almost sumptuous newly-published volume (Boardman, 15s.) Mr. Archie Harradine reviews their history to date with infinite charm and quite a lot of cleverly-concealed erudition. It takes brains to guy the Victorians, if "guy" is the word for that gay and witty pastiche nightly presented by Mr. Harradine and his colleagues. Quite inevitably the highbrow critics have patronised them in high-class prose, as they did the Fratellini, but that needn't worry anybody and may be removed with a wet sponge.

*Late Joys* is richly strewn with quips, photographs, drawings, songs (including that macabre little jewel the Ballad of Sam Hall, which is probably still bad for ladies in "a delicate condition of health"), programmes, personal notes, and whatnot, beautifully done, and is just the right gift for members of H.M. Forces—whether members of the Players' Theatre Club or not—who may be brooding unduly over some of Life's dusty Ensas.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis





## In Lincolnshire

Mrs. C. de Paravicini, Her Daughters  
and Grandchildren



Mrs. John Lewis and Her  
Son, Vincent

Mrs. John Lewis and her little boy, Vincent, were photographed at her mother's home, Birkholme Manor. Mrs. Lewis was formerly Miss Sheila de Paravicini, and married F/Lt. John Lewis, R.A.F., in 1941. Their own home is Heath Farm, Corby, Lincolnshire

Photographs by  
Compton Collier

Right: The entertainment and library van seen here was provided from funds raised by Mrs. Chandos de Paravicini, of Birkholme Manor, Corby, Lincolnshire, and was accepted by the Duchess of Portland on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. It is to be used for the entertainment of troops stationed in units in lonely parts of Lincolnshire, and is only the second of its kind in England. Mrs. de Paravicini's two daughters and their children appear on this page



Mrs. David Innes-Ker and Her Daughter  
Mrs. David Innes-Ker, sister of Mrs. Lewis, was also caught by the photographer at her mother's home, with her daughter, Mary Ann. She is the wife of Major David Innes-Ker, R.A., son of the late Lord Alistair Innes-Ker, and a cousin of the Duke of Roxburgh. Mrs. Innes-Ker drives a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen



Mrs. C. de Paravicini Presents a Y.M.C.A. "Theatre on Wheels"



*On this occasion Miss Averil Smith and Mrs. Viola Fanshaw were out helping Lady Helena Hilton-Green and Herbert Norman, the huntsman, to keep down the foxes*

## Hunting People in Wartime

No. 8. Lady Helena Hilton-Green Deputises for Her Husband as Master of the Cottesmore



*Mistress and Dog Face the Camera*



*Julia and Her Mother Share a Big Armchair*





*Lady Helena Hilton-Green and Her Daughter, Julia*

● Major C. C. Hilton-Green, Master of the Cottesmore Foxhounds, is serving in the Middle East, and in his absence his wife, Lady Helena Hilton-Green, acts as Master, hunting hounds herself with the assistance of

the kennel huntsman, Herbert Norman. Lady Helena, a daughter of Earl Fitzwilliam, lives at Burrough Manor, Leicestershire, and has one small daughter, Julia, who at five years old is already quite at home in the saddle

## Three Admirals

Portraits by Douglas Wales



*Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, Bt., G.C.B., D.S.O.*

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham succeeded the late Admiral Sir Dudley Pound as First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff in October this year. He has twice held the post of C.-in-C. the Mediterranean—from 1939 to April 1942, when he went to Washington as Head of the British Admiralty Delegation, and again from November of that year until his present appointment. Admiral Cunningham is pre-eminently a fighting admiral, and it was his decision to engage the enemy at night that resulted in the rout of the Italian Fleet in the brilliant Matapan action.

Right: Admiral Sir Max Horton, C.-in-C. Western Approaches, is one of the Navy's famous submarine officers. During the last war, as a Lieut.-Commander, in command of the Submarine D2, he demonstrated the value of this, then novel, kind of vessel in naval warfare. His successes included the sinkings of the light cruiser Hela, at Heligoland, the German cruiser Prince Adalbert, in the Baltic, besides three other destroyers, two transports and several merchant ships, and many are the stories of his exploits while in command of the Submarine E.9



*Admiral Sir Percy Noble, K.C.B., C.V.O.*

Admiral Sir Percy Noble has been British Naval Representative in Washington since November 1942, where he followed Admiral Cunningham. He was C.-in-C. China from 1937 to 1940, and as C.-in-C. Western Approaches from February 1941 till 1942, was responsible for British operations in the Battle of the Atlantic. He entered the Navy in 1894, served in the last war, being promoted captain in 1918.



*Admiral Sir Max Horton, K.C.B., D.S.O.*



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## A Raw Deal for Racing?

MR. GERALD DEANE, whose authority to speak is unimpeachable—owner, breeder, racing manager, and with a Manton tradition—says that it has had a very raw one, and that this has been accentuated by the recent firman issued by the Stewards of the Jockey Club upon the request of the Government, banning certain classes of horses from racing in 1944. The main points in Mr. Gerald Deane's indictment in his long and interesting letter to the *Sporting Life* may be conveniently catalogued as follows: (a) That there is no one in the present Government who knows enough about racing to understand the value of blood-stock breeding as an asset of our national trade. *This is undoubtedly true.* (b) That the Government does not sufficiently comprehend the entertainment value of racing as a steadying factor to the national morale. *This may be true in the main.* (c) That it is not necessary to curtail racing to the extent that, in fact, has been done. *This is debateable.* (d) That "transport" is not an all-sufficing answer, and that "oats" are no answer at all. *I venture to suggest that "transport" at the present crucial moment is an answer.* And (e) That the Stewards of the Jockey Club have put up a very poor fight against the Government and have, in fact, knuckled under all along the line.

## Pro's and Con's

THERE are a good many of each! I put it that no one needs to be told the exact thickness of the sheet of paper which, at one time, stood between us and something of which it is not pleasant to think. The thickness of that bit of flimsy has substantially increased during the past few months, but even the most unlearned in the ways of warfare must know what is entailed when a major operation is about to be mounted from a big main base. Great Britain is such a base, and an intensely busy one at this moment. We are no longer just a defensive "hedgehog." These facts are hardly arguable, and this being so, the Government, whether it contains anyone who could justly

claim to be a full-blown "racing swine" or does not, is not justified in taking any risk of interference with military transport. The question of "oats" must, I submit, be left to the only possible expert, the Minister of Agriculture. War is War. You cannot make War and Peace at one and the same time. If this were better comprehended, we should not have as many persons of enemy blood at large in this country, and some even employed, as is the case. Their antecedents should be looked at harder than their present asseverations. In time of war everyone of enemy blood must be suspect. Because a gentleman yells vociferously that he hates Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini, it does not mean that he loves the people who are knocking them out. I suggest that this aspect of war is far more important than even transport for racehorses and people who want to go and see them run. This is a war of transport in a far greater measure than any other war in history. The Government's answer, "Transport," is, therefore, entirely justified. The banning of all these horses is not so, but, after all, it may be that it is only a temporary measure. It is possible that the Stewards ought to have pressed this point and obtained a clear declaration that it was not permanent.

## The Jockey Club Stewards

WHETHER or not the Stewards fought their full weight against the Government, only those in the innermost councils of the protagonists can say. My own private view is that the Stewards were in a cleft stick. They were faced by the impenetrable wall of Military Necessity. It is an obstacle which is also unjumpable. For future use against any Government, which may be as devoid of all knowledge of racing as the present one, perhaps the following "ammunition" may be of value. It is now more than ever before true that the British Empire, the United States and a place that now calls itself Eire have a virtual monopoly in the breeding of bloodstock. After this "commandeering" of thoroughbred racing stock in France, what value can any certificates of identity under



Famous Test Pilot

This portrait of Mr. Geoffrey De Havilland, test pilot son of the famous aeroplane designer and pilot, Capt. Geoffrey De Havilland, was painted by Dulcie Lambbrick. It was the De Havilland design team which produced the Mosquito aircraft

Rule 69 and sub-sections of the *Rules of Racing* possess? What reliance could be placed upon any such documents emanating from any enemy country or Vichy France? They would be far easier to forge than any passport. Herr Göbbels and Count Ciano, for instance, could be backed to turn them out in millions.

## Jumpers

ONE of these banned horses; Quartier Maitre, it has been announced, is not to be destroyed, but kept till such time as jump racing is again authorised. Quartier Maitre is eight years old, and so he will not be too old, when this war is won, to go back to hurdling. There is another horse, Germanicus, who is only seven years old and who is a more proven stayer than Quartier Maitre, and I think it might be well worth anyone's while to buy and keep till jump racing comes round again. He is just the stamp to make up into a really first-class steeplechaser; he is as honest as the day; I should think a very sound one, and it would

(Concluded on page 212)



Earl Howe and His Latest Car

That famous racing motorist, Earl Howe, P.C., C.B.E., R.N.V.R., now uses his skill driving a small Fiat on his official duties. He served in the last war, in command of the Howe Battalion, R.N.D., in Belgium, and H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, and was formerly M.P. for South Battersea



A Prisoner Returns Home

Lt. the Hon. Patrick Butler, Irish Guards, Lord Dunboyne's only son, was one of twelve prisoners of war, recently repatriated, who live within twelve miles of each other, near Windsor. He was taken prisoner at Boulogne, and spent his three years of captivity in hospital



D. R. Stuart

### Members of a Flying Fortress Crew, U.S. Army Air Force

Front row : 1st Lt. J. H. Fulmer, Capt. C. E. Clibure, Capt. E. D. Gartley, Lt. J. A. Verinis, 1st. Com. O. L. Hubbard. Back row : Capt. R. B. Campbell, F/O. G. M. Brooks, 1st Lt. D. C. Bader, Capt. J. V. Santoru, Capt. Cliburn, 1st Lt. Birdsong, Capt. W. E. Clancy, 1st Lt. W. D. Beasley, 1st Lt. G. P. Clarksdale



D. R. Stuart

### Staff Officers and Midshipmen at a R.N. Engineering College

Front row : Midshipmen (E.) George, Broadbent, Weaving, Lt. (E.) W. B. Milln, Instr. Lt.-Cdr. Bradshaw, Midshipmen (E.) Deacon, Fitt. Middle row : Midshipmen (E.) Thomas, Arnold, Dunlop, Lea, Flower, Patrick, Bush, Aitkens. Back row : Midshipmen (E.) Fillery, Birkett, Turvill, Fox, Phillips, Stephens

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

seem to be a crying shame if he is to be put down. There are many other exiles under this present ban to whom these remarks might also apply, even young horses who are far below the age at which the jumping education of any horse starts. I am convinced that the ban on all these horses was only intended to apply to racing on the flat next season and not to extend to any post-war season, and certainly not to racing under National Hunt Rules.

The fact that a horse has shown no capacity to get over a distance of ground on the flat is not a final answer to whether he can do so over hurdles or fences.

For some reason or other, animals that have been unable to get even six furlongs on the flat do not find two miles and even much longer distances, with obstacles to be surmounted *en route*, beyond their capacity, even when, as we know, they are carrying weights probably a stone above the burdens that have completely defeated them on the flat. The theory has been advanced that the moment of the actual leap—an imperceptible pause (to the man on top)—gives them just that little help which enables them to gallop on. Perhaps!

### More "About It and About"

BUT for evermore I suppose we shall continue to come out by the same door by which in we went when we talk about racing in particular. However, it is always amusing, provided we don't get cross over it. My esteemed sparring partner "Racing Enthusiast" still continues to believe that Nasrullah must be a good colt over his own distance, and has just hurled at my unbowed head a long list of past celebrities who have won the Champion Stakes, 1½ miles only, be it marked. I had this list, of course. I do not think it is relevant to the real point at issue—Nasrullah's honesty. I hope my friend, and others, got some of their losings back over the Champion Stakes, for Nasrullah had let them down with a bang so often. As I have ventured to suggest in a previous note on that race, Nasrullah had two "dead" horses next behind him, and I wonder whether, if there had been anything left that could go up-sides with him and ask him to fight it out, he would have taken it on. I should have hated to have had any money on him if there had been. He saw no threat of a scrap, and so he went on to win unchallenged. Kingsway obviously cannot get a yard more than a mile, though on his breeding he ought to stay for ever: Umiddad ran like one tired of his job, and he also had said his piece at the mile. So what? A list of previous winners of the Champion Stakes does not help. Some of them, incidentally, were much under suspicion where staying power was concerned. The Championship ought to be a searching test of stamina. It is not.

### A Little Yarn

My friend's list calls to mind quite a nice little yarn about a Dublin horse-dealer. He had tried all his halt, maimed and blind upon his highly suspicious customer, who had declined to be beguiled by the usual talk about how "This wan would lep a canal" and how

"The Lifey would not be afther throublin' the little bay mare," till at last he launched his forlorn hope. "Ah, Major," says he, stripping a mealy chestnut with a wall eye, "you wouldn't be missin' this wan, and his comrade [in the next box, presumably!] winnin' a golden cup at the R'yal Dublin Show!"



### Some of the Welsh Guards at Richmond. By "The Tout"

The Welsh Guards Rugby XV. defeated the Middlesex Hospital team recently at Richmond, by 6 points to nil. Stalwarts of the Guards team included their captain, Guardsman W. Quick, and the veteran Guardsman "Ossie" Jones, whose full-back play was a feature of the game, and helped to carry the day for his side





Tom Voyce, the Gloucester secretary, seen here with his wife and children, has played twenty-seven times for England



Denis Morris, B.B.C. commentator and former Blackheath Rugby player, watched the match with his wife



Brig. B. C. Hartley is chairman of the Combined Services Sports Committee



Dr. Arnold Alcock, seen with Lt.-Gen. Lloyd, is president of the Gloucester R.F.C.

Photographs by  
D. R. Stuart

## Players and Spectators

At an Inter-Service Rugby Match When  
the R.A.F. Beat the Army

A great victory was scored by the R.A.F. over the Army on the Kingsholm ground at Gloucester. The Army held their own in the first half, leading at the interval by 2 points, but the R.A.F., attacking hard in the second half, won the match by 30 points to 14. There were some 7000 people present to see the first big inter-Service match of the season

### Playing for the R.A.F.

In front: J. Lawrenson, J. J. Remlinger. Sitting: R. J. Longland, A. M. Rees, H. B. Toft, W. H. T. Davies (captain), A. Edwards, E. Watkins, J. Parsons. Standing: A. D. Mathews (touch judge), J. Owen, A. G. Hudson, H. Walters, J. Mycock, J. E. Grey, J. H. Dustin



### Playing for the Army

In front: R. L. Francis, H. J. C. Rees. Sitting: R. Flowers, H. Tanner, Alban Davies, R. E. Prescott (captain), C. R. Bruce, D. G. Shaw, W. G. Jones. Standing: R. G. Furbank, T. G. H. Jackson, W. E. Tamplin, Rees Williams, P. N. Walker, L. F. Oakley



H. B. Toft, pre-war captain of England, contributed largely to the R.A.F.'s victory. With him is R. J. Longland, who first played for England in 1932



Youngest players for the Army were Tommy Jackson, ex-Cheltenham skipper and Scottish international, and Leonard Oakley, former Bedford captain

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Perspective

A GOOD many autobiographies strike one as premature. In some cases, this may have little to do with the autobiographer's age at the time of writing—or with, at least, his nominal age. One type of man could live a hundred years without seeing the real point of his own story. He may at the same time—and this often happens—have lived honourably, worked hard, made a name for himself and aroused interest that extends to the public outside his own profession. Wherefore, at a given point, friends weigh in and say, "You should write your autobiography"—and a publisher often backs up the plea. So the dutiful one sits down and takes up the pen. Equally, the enterprise may be his own idea; the tentative expansion of an egotism that has been strictly controlled throughout his working life. But the results are the same; the fatality of not yet having seen one's own point shows itself. The book, when completed, reads like a log-book—a string of happenings with their correct dates. A few reflections may have been thrown in, but these seem either haphazard or forced. The nature of experience remains undefined, and the factor of personality is missing.

The second, and I suppose more obvious, type of premature autobiography is the one written too soon in actual life. The writer is not yet disengaged from the adolescent-dramatic view of himself. He is aware—over-aware—of experiences, but not yet of experience as a whole. He inclines to fit what has happened into an arbitrary pattern. Emotionally, these youthful autobiographies achieve an effect; they are at least as enjoyable as "true" novels. But, if one were to keep in one's library all the books one read, these would find their way into the "You-would-have-done-better-to-wait" shelf.

I do not make these observations purely out of the blue; they arise from my just having read what is, by contradistinction, a perfectly-timed autobiography—William Plomer's "DOUBLE LIVES" (Cape; 9s. 6d.). At the start of the short prefatory Note to this, Mr. Plomer says: "I had not intended to write anything resembling an autobiography until advanced middle age might enable me to look back a longish way, but during the third year of this war I suddenly found that I could see the earlier part of my life as a unity and in perspective."

This "suddenly" is the imperative of the artist. Books that are literature are not thought up; they are come upon; their potential existence reveals itself in a flash. As novelist, short-story-writer and poet, William Plomer, at forty, already occupies a unique place. In the matter of subject and scene alone, he has a wider range than any of his contemporaries. His style has been from the first (and he wrote his first novel, *Turbott Wolfe*, between nineteen and twenty-one) at once mature and poetic, disciplined and

sensuous. Vision infuses everything from his hand. Apart from directly creative work, he has edited diaries—Kilvert's, and that of a "Japanese Lady in Europe"—and has been the biographer of two such diverse characters as Cecil Rhodes and "Ali the Lion." This all-round experience in writing—apart from the question of experience in life—was likely to stand Mr. Plomer in good stead, should he ever care to turn to his own story. It has done so. In *Double Lives* he shows us what he has been able to see—his first twenty-five years "as a unity and in perspective."

## South Africa, England, Japan

"It seems to me," he says, "highly unreasonable that a man's birth should be treated as the real starting-point of his life. . . ." *Double Lives*, therefore, begins with an account of the author's parents, and of their respective origins and backgrounds. Two different English family trees could not have been more concisely or, one might say, more dispassionately, traced. Mr. Plomer speaks of the "stranded gentry." We are given a picture of a well-to-do late Victorian London home (his father's) dominated by the dark-eyed, neurotic beauty who was such a ruthless mother to her young. This grandmother of Mr. Plomer's made short work of Lewis Carroll when he spoke to her little girl at the seaside. The same little girl, Laura, grew up to be ostracised on account of a blameless and highly successful marriage. Charles Plomer, the youngest child of this electric household, was probably less unlucky than he appeared in being packed off to make his own way in South Africa, as the result of some inconsiderable



Mr. A. L. Rowse is the author of "The Spirit of English History" which has been sponsored by the British Council and is dedicated to Mr. Winston Churchill, "historian, statesman, saviour of his country." Earlier writings by the same author, who is a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, include "On History," "Sir Richard Grenville of the Revenge," "Tudor Cornwall," and "A Cornish Childhood." "The Spirit of English History" is published by Jonathan Cape at 7s. 6d.

debts. He entered the Bechuanaland mounted police, covered himself in somewhat bewildering glory through taking part in the Jameson raid, did well in the South African Civil Service, and made, before his final return to England, a successful experiment in store-keeping in Zululand. He married Edythe Browne, whose happier youth had been spent in an English cathedral town.

Mrs. Plomer's sensitive courage and resolute adaptability, as shown by her son, strike one—South Africa was not the ideal milieu for her. William Plomer was the eldest son of this marriage. His infancy and boyhood were spent between South Africa and England—and changes between these climatic and social extremes made for an early sharpening of his impressions. (This sensuous impressionability he has never lost.) He says:

My early impressions of life and landscape in Africa were especially strong because it was strange to my blood, which was coming awake in a world unfamiliar to it; my impressions of England were equally strong because England was in my bones. My senses recognised what touched them, as a mirror recognises a face.

At five, he announced to one of his aunts that he was going to be an artist. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "I hope not!" If the aunt's idea of an artist differed from Mr. Plomer's, hers was clear, his probably not so—yet. Time was to teach him what being an artist meant; he perceived a duality in his own nature, a distinction between the outer and inner life. Outwardly one conformed—went to church, went to school, danced and played tennis as one grew

(Concluded on page 216)

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

EARLY every afternoon I ascend a long hill, so steep that I often

wish the dictionary of bad language were not so short. Usually I pass the certificated teacher of *Perfect English* and commiserate with her on her moral inability ever to speak less than as a Perfect Lady. The feeble pleasantries invariably falls on stony ground. Well, perhaps, puffing and blowing does reduce one's sense of humour. To be quite honest, I would not myself give way to the lighter badinage were it not for the fact that it allows me also to stop and stare. On three sides are hills rising to 1,600 ft., their bases and half-way towards their summits hidden by trees which, even in their winter nakedness possess beauty in monochrome. Behind me the valley sweeps downward in a series of gradual undulations which, although now comparatively bare, I remember to have been so intensely buttercup-golden as to make one feel convinced that sunshine is imprisoned there.

Yet, where I am going, the beauty of this countryside matters so little. The newly-blinded sailors, soldiers and airmen cannot see it, and where ignorance is bliss it is sometimes heartbreaking to be wise. I therefore thrust such pitiful understanding behind me and set out hopefully once again—not towards sadness and solemnity, I know, but towards a gaiety and cheerfulness which, in spite of my long experience of this lovely human

By Richard King

comradeship, still makes me feel indescribably humble as before a human miracle. I must be lively, too, otherwise even my greatest effort will be unavailing. For a man who can laugh is a man who is never lost. And how, for example, can one remain uselessly pitying face to face with a youth who, sightless and without hands, makes valiant efforts to stand on his head. How can one fail to strive to become more than a mere watcher when a woman so badly injured in a London blitz as would have afforded most of us the excuse to be an invalid for life, gives all her day arranging entertainments, writing letters for men who cannot yet write themselves, counselling, encouraging and helping these sightless men to bridge that dangerous gap which lies between being blinded and its stark realisation? It is all so unaccountable, yet so magnificently real.

A miracle it may be. But nevertheless, it is the most beautiful example I know of the fact that, so often beyond the influences of church religion, and of sectarian exhortation, there is to be discovered the very essence of the Grace of God, the most optimistic feature of Man's endless struggle toward some Divine Goal, and, incidentally, among the inner life's most inspiring thoughts. This is the surest human foundation upon which the planning of a New and Better World can ever be built securely.



# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Lendon Smith—Brigstocke**

Lt. R. Anthony Lendon Smith, R.N.V.R., elder son of Mrs. J. G. Lendon Smith, of Ditchling, Sussex, married Joan Hilary Constance Brigstocke, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Brigstocke, of Wayne-fete, Felixstowe, at Westminster Cathedral



**Lamb—Morse**

The Rev. the Hon. Roland Lamb, R.A.F.V.R., second son of Lord and Lady Rochester, of 14, Worcester Place, Oxford, and Vera (Jill) Morse, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morse, of 4, Elmer Gardens, Edgware, were married at the Methodist Church, Ballard's Lane, Finchley



**Stewart—Forte**

Michael Norman Francis Stewart, British Embassy, Lisbon, second son of the late Sir Francis Stewart, and Lady Stewart, of Kennet House, Kimbury, Berks., married Jacqueline Mary Margaret Forte daughter of Mr. P. L. Forte, and Mrs. Forte, of Maitland Court, W., at the Grosvenor Chapel



**Graesser—Davidson**

F/O. Ronald Desmond Graesser, R.A.F., third son of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Graesser, of Argoed Hall, Mangollen, Denbighshire, married Janet Eleanor Davidson, eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. D. G. Davidson, of Flemington, Gollanfield, Inverness, at St. George's, Hanover Square



**Craig Waller—Tighe**

Right: Pay-Lt. Patrick A. B. Craig Waller, R.N.V.R., younger son of the late Vice-Admiral Craig Waller and Mrs. Craig Waller, and Prudence Mary Tighe, youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. F. A. Tighe, of The Mount, Porchester, and Mrs. Tighe, were married at Brompton Oratory



**Neel—Gardner**

Hal Jackson Neel, R.E., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Jackson Neel, of Old Orchard, Ringwood, Hants., married Josephine Gardner, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gardner, of Lynwood, Ashford, Middlesex, at St. George's, Hanover Square



**Griffin—Hickling**

Lt. Anthony J. F. Griffith Griffin, R.N., son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. M. G. Griffin, of Forest House, Rowledge, Surrey, married Rosemary Anne Hickling, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Harold Hickling, of Dolphin Square, S.W., at St. Saviour's, St. George's Square



**Widman—Allardice**

Capt. S. Widman, R.A.M.C., of Chesham, Bucks., and Margaret Mary Allardice, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Allardice, of Windsor House, New-castle, were married at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 201)

## Wedding Reception

THERE were many distinguished guests at the reception held by Mrs. Violet Duke at 19, Upper Grosvenor Street, following the marriage of her daughter, Daphne, to Capt. Brittain-Jones. Capt. Brittain-Jones was Controller of the Household to the Viceroy of India during Lord Willingdon's term of office. He was formerly in the Black Watch and is a great athlete. He won the Army Heavy-Weight Boxing Championship and played football for Scotland. He is also a scratch golfer. At the reception were Mrs. Jones, Marie Viscountess Willingdon, Violet Lady Melchett, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mappin, Mr. Joseph Mappin, Sir Eric Mieville (the King's Private Secretary, who was best man), Sir William and Lady Rootes, Mr. Hawkesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Stocker, the Hon. Enid Paget, Mr. Arthur Grief, Mr. and Mrs. Locker-Lampson, Lady Peek, Viscountess Erleigh (the bride's younger sister), Mr. and Mrs. Campbell-Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Benevides, Mr. William Agar and Mr. Probert Jones.

## Around Town

LUNCHING with her parents—Lord and Lady Shaftesbury—I saw Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, in W.A.A.F. uniform. Near by, also in uniform, was Mrs. Walter Burns, who, since then, has unfortunately lost her mother, Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck. Mrs. Burns is a Red Cross worker in her own lovely home, North Mymms Park, which is now an auxiliary hospital. She was with the Hon. Lady Ward. The Hon. George Ward was having a tête-à-tête meal with his wife, nearby neighbours at different tables including Mrs. John Crocker and Madame Simopoulos. Others in a crowded restaurant included Lady Abingdon; Mrs. John Gretton (delighted that her husband is now in the House of Commons); Prince Lobkowitz, the Czechoslovak Ambassador, with Mrs. Bertram Currie; Lady Middleton; Lady Anderson; the Hon. Mrs. Fitzalan Howard and her husband; and Mr. Newton Horne with Lady Ursula Horne who is a daughter of the second Marquess of Dufferin and Ava.



Mother and Daughter Raise £300 for the Red Cross



Replacing Officers' Kit in London

Mrs. D. B. Lyne, a modeller in fired porcelain clay, and her daughter, Mrs. Ann Garland, an artist and member of the F.A.N.Y., have raised £300 for the Red Cross by an exhibition of their work. They visited Appeal H.Q. recently in order to hand the money over to Lord Iliffe, who is Chairman of the Duke of Gloucester's Appeal

Sir John MacTaggart has lent his London home as H.Q. for the Officers' Kit Replacement Bureau. F/O. Z. Porazinski, of the Polish Air Force, is seen at the Bureau with Mrs. Mathew, wife of Lt. Gen. George Mathew

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

older—inwardly one remained one's own, and a law unto oneself. (If more artists showed Mr. Plomer's good sense, art would not have so many unnecessary enemies. Few conventions seem worth noisily fighting; most can be quietly by-passed.) It is this feeling that life is a double process—most of all for the artist, but to an extent for all of us—that inspires the book's title.

All his life Mr. Plomer (as we have already guessed from his novels) has looked into other people, not merely at them. Even sheep come in for their share of his penetration—at seventeen he was sheep-farming in South Africa, having left Rugby early owing to bad sight. He could have been a painter as well as a writer; his visual memory and his visual imagination are very strong. His pictures of un-alike places—Louis Trichardt and Burford, London and Johannesburg, the Bexhill seaside and the Natal coast, African rivers and Japanese lakes, his aunt's large new-art villa in Surrey and his own paper house in Japan—are stereoscopic, vivid, close to the eye. Whatever he describes becomes charged with meaning—poet, as well as painter, is present here.

*Double Lives* is as hard to summarise as it is tempting to quote from. The scene of its third section is Japan—for which, as guest of a Capt. Mori, Mr. Plomer embarked in 1926, and where he made a life for himself for three years. It is salutary—for one must keep one's head about countries—to read about the Japan that he loved and knew. He did see trouble foreshadowed and threatening "movements" forming. But he also found natural beauty, hospitality, art and friendship—eternal things.

Civilisation [he says, in closing] has many dialects but speaks one language, and its Japanese voice will always be present in my ear, like the pure and liquid notes of the bamboo flute . . . speaking of things more important than war, trade and empires—of unworldliness, lucidity and love.

## Why?

"WHY WAS I KILLED?" by Rex Warner (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.), is the monologue of a young dead soldier who moves among us, the living, asking this question. From the battlefield on which he saw his own body lying, he finds himself transported to an English abbey—in what place, at what time, he does not know. At the altar a priest is praying aloud for all the fallen, whatever their race, class or creed, friend or foe. As the priest rises and comes his way, the young soldier asks him: "Why was I killed?" They stand by the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and now a party of sightseers come their way. To each of these—the English gentleman, the young mechanic, the foreign refugee intellectual, the man who fought in Spain, the mother who has lost her son in the war—the soldier turns with his question.

Each answers, or tries to answer, according to his lights. These people's whole lives and outlooks lie behind what they say, and the soldier, in a succession of visions, is allowed to see those lives, one by one, scene by scene. The gentleman's country house, with its military portraits, the mechanic's jerry-built little home, the intellectual's flat in a Fascist country, the undergraduate rooms of the future fighter in Spain, the mother's riverside cottage (laid waste once already by her husband's death in the 1914 war)—into all these can enter, to read and learn from their stories, the disembodied questioning young man.

*Why Was I Killed?* is, up to a point, allegoric, but is kept close to life by touches of realism. Mr. Warner handles his theme with becoming reverence, with dignity, tenderness and poetic imagination. Dare the living answer the soldier's question? They must—the answer to it has been left with them. Written in wartime to be read in wartime, this book addresses itself to the troubled mind and to the perhaps still unreconciled heart.

## Queen-Mother

CATHERINE DE MEDICI, Queen-Mother of France, was with Elizabeth of England and Philip of Spain one of the three dominating personalities of sixteenth-century Europe. Romantic Protestant fiction has painted her as a villainess *pur et simple*. As a character, she is explained, if not justified, by J. E. Neale's *The Age of Catherine de Medici*, (Cape; 6s.). Originally a series of four lectures, this historian's book is so straightforward that it need not alarm the ordinary reader. Those who, like me, find this period of the ruff and the rack, the masquerade and the massacre, fascinating, may do well to steady their view of it by spending an hour or two with Professor Neale. Poor Catherine (for so, on close examination, she does begin to appear) was a devoted mother and zealous, though not successful, diplomatist; she was too fond of subtlety for its own sake, without being quite so subtle as she imagined. In France, the difficulties that confronted her were appalling—the country had been drained by foreign, and was to suffer internal, wars; royal finances were on their last legs, and the Huguenots, rapidly gaining in military strength and in political power, were a constant menace. Not only Rome, but Geneva had to be kept in play. France's three leading families—the Bourbon, the Guise and the Montmorency—snapped round the Valois court, with its succession of boy kings, like large dogs after the same bone. No one ever forgot that Catherine was an Italian—possibly this was her fault. She had been imported, as a rich middle-class fourteen-year-old bride, when her husband did not look like becoming king: she was, it was true, at that time the Pope's niece, but her uncle died shortly after her marriage. Her tact with regard to Diane de Poitiers—from whom Henry II. never disengaged his heart—was praiseworthy, and her clemency to her rival, after Henry's death, still more so. Catherine, apparently, did not desire the massacre of St. Bartholomew; she had to stage it to cover an intrigue that had gone wrong.



*Threads from the loom of time*



### 9 "FIBRO"—THE NEW TEXTILE MATERIAL

AT Holywell in North Wales, until shortly before the war, this building stood as a monument to one of the earliest cotton mills outside the "cotton shire". It was originally operated by a partner of the famous Arkwright, one John Smalley. By a coincidence, the vast new Courtaulds mill at Greenfield is but a stone's-throw away.

At Greenfield, Courtaulds are producing "FIBRO", a new raw material of rayon, for the spinning industry, which makes rayon staple available to all textile spinners. Thus, within the space of two generations, Courtaulds have been privileged to help in the establishment of a new and virile textile industry and to initiate develop-

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In common with Courtaulds standard rayon, "FIBRO" is now "on active service", but with the return of peace the scope of both materials will be considerably extended. They will reappear together with other Courtaulds products, and will have an important rôle to play in raising the general standard of living.

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## Film Fashions, 1943



*A debutante dance frock of white lace with a raised daisy design is worn over a pink silk slip. The headdress is made of the same material*

● Penelope Dudley Ward, elder daughter of the Marquisa de Casa Maury and sister-in-law of Major-Gen. Robert Laycock, the newly-appointed Chief of Combined Operations, has her first starring role opposite Laurence Olivier in *The Demi-Paradise*. The film will have its world premiere to-morrow, Thursday, at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of the Hon. Lady Cripps's Aid-to-China Fund, and Mrs. Churchill has promised to attend. In the film, Miss Ward (Mrs. Anthony Pelissier in private life) wears the lovely clothes in which she appears on this page. They were all specially designed for her by famous London houses



*A summer frock, gay with cherry and white stripes, has a pleated skirt stitched half-way, the bodice finished with a white silk collar and cuffs*

Photographs by  
Eugene Pizey, A.R.P.S.



*Sky-blue whipcord was chosen for this travelling coat. Its collar and pockets are under-lined with a darker blue*



*Diagonal herringbone sets off to perfection the plain dark grey of this tailored jacket and matching handbag*



*Another suit with interesting pockets and skirt fullness gathered into back pleats is made in tweed, beige in colour, with a square herringbone effect*



# Jumper Suit..

taken from the new range, in handwoven soft wool tweed. Attractive two-colour combinations—with angora woven into the front of the jumper. The back of the jumper matches the pleated skirt, has a tie belt and buttons through. In green / chocolate, nigger / powder blue or turquoise / rust.

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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THREE managers of chicken farms in Germany were being questioned by a Gestapo man.  
"What do you feed your chickens on?" the first was asked.

"Corn!"  
"You're under arrest! We use corn to feed the people!"

The second manager overheard the conversation, and tried to play safe.

"What do you feed to your chickens?" came the question.

"Corn husks."  
"You're under arrest! We use the husks to make cloth. And you?" he asked, turning to the third man.

"I give my chickens the money and tell them to go and buy their own food."

A YOUNG reporter on a newspaper had been reprimanded for his verbose writing and ordered to be brief. The next story he turned in read: "A shocking incident occurred last night. Sir Reginald Blank, a guest at Lady Twuffle's ball, complained of feeling ill, took his hat, his coat, his department, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket and finally his life."

JOHNNY told his father that he was second in the class at the end of the term.

"Who was first?" asked his father.

"Oh, one of the girls," replied the boy.

"Well, I'm surprised at your letting a mere girl beat you," was his father's comment.

"Don't forget, dad," replied the lad, "that things are different from the days when you were a boy. Girls are not half so mere as they used to be."

THE private was in trouble before the orderly officer.

"What's this?" snapped the officer sternly. "You break a bottle of beer over the sergeant's head and then have the—the audacity to stand there and say it was an accident?"

"Yes, sir, that's right, sir," replied the culprit. "I didn't mean to break it."

THE two ladies were comparing notes about their husbands.

"I think you're lucky," said one. "Your husband seems to be a real treasure."

"Maybe," said the other, with a snort, "but when there are any jobs to be done he's a hidden treasure."

A TOURIST visited historic Kona on the island of Hawaii. Fired by romantic tales, he felt sure he had reached a land where nothing savouring of Western civilisation would be permitted to disturb the tropical atmosphere.

When he reached a small village by the seashore he became interested in a tame mynah bird displayed by a picturesque Hawaiian maid. But he was due for a rude shock.

"What's the bird's name?" he inquired.

"Rita Hayworth," was the answer.



Miss Rosemary Scott is playing the part of Lady Chiltern in the revival of Oscar Wilde's play "An Ideal Husband" which opened under Robert Donat's management at the Westminster Theatre last night. Mr. Donat has many interesting plans for future productions which include a new play by Paul Vincent Carroll

A MAN on the coast of Florida wrote to a New York store for a barometer. When it arrived he unpacked it and discovered that the instrument was set at "Hurricane."

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## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

### Mappery

MAPS for use by air navigators are susceptible, I think, of great improvement. I do not believe that we have ever discarded our old map habits and that our air maps today are to the modern aeroplane what governess cart wheels and tiller steering would be to the modern motor car. We ought to strive to look afresh at this problem of the airman's map. He should be given something which bears a resemblance to what he actually sees from the air. This condition is not fulfilled either by the photographic mosaic or by the standard type of air map. In fact the colouring, conventional signs and other features of the ordinary air map are more liable to mislead the navigator than to help him. Everybody who has done much flying knows how grossly distorted is the emphasis on roads and railways when read from the map.

In view of these things it is good to see a certain amount of map consciousness percolating through the aviation world. First of all there has been that remarkably fine pamphlet issued by the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation called *Maps and How to Understand Them*. It is not, I think, for sale and is not likely to be available in any quantity in this country. But presumably in America it will be widely distributed for it is intended as propaganda for the company. Advertisers have done great things in making advertising not only useful as propaganda but also useful as education and this book is a shining example of that kind of thing. For it presents the whole story of map projection in a simple, easily assimilated form with admirably done diagrams. I should like the Consolidated Vultee Company to send over to distributors in Britain ten or twenty thousand copies of this book so that they may be handed out to air pilots and navigators.



*S/Ldr. Derek Harvey Duder, D.S.O., D.F.C., R.A.F., recently decorated for the second time, has completed many sorties, attacking his targets fearlessly and successfully. An excellent leader, his devotion to duty has merited the highest praise*

### Perspective

THE second kind of map progress is seen in the perspective maps introduced by the Americans for their day raiding and well described by my friend, Colin Bednall, in *The Daily Mail* recently. The object of these maps, as far as I can understand it, is to give the pilot or navigator a view of the target similar to the real appearance of the target at two stages of the attack, first the distant approach and second the time of the bombing run. The target is seen laid out with the features presented as they appear at a flatish angle and at a distance. Then they are seen as they appear from a nearly vertical viewpoint and at much closer range.

Here we have, I think, glimmerings of the air map of the future. It must not present the ground as if the pilot were vertically above all parts of it. It must somehow introduce the angle vision at which he looks out at distant objects. The method of using two separate maps is, of course, clumsy, but it is better than anything else that we have had so far. The ideal would be a constantly changing map that would scan the countryside in scale and at an angle in accordance with the view of those present in the machine. That appears at the moment to be impossible, but I venture to think that it will not always prove so. At any rate, it is good to know that air consciousness is spreading and that some real attempts are being made to break away from the old ordnance survey traditions and to produce something really suited to air use. Map reading from the air should be a much easier thing than it is, but it will never be much easier until the map making for airmen has been reformed.

### State Control

SOME people have objected to my references to the state control of aviation on the ground that I appear to be an opponent of it. They are not quite correct in this. I have no objection to state control as such and am quite ready to let the state control everything from apples to airways, provided only that it shows itself capable of controlling these things well. If state control were ever human and responsible, if ever in dealing with departments which exercised state control one dealt with individuals who showed individual sense of responsibility, if ever there were any signs of speed and efficiency in government departments, I would say that the whole of the aircraft industry and the whole of aviation should instantly be handed over to the state lock, stock and barrel. But my experience of state control is that it is impersonal, irresponsible, inhuman, incompetent and inefficient. It is also grotesquely slow.

However, the advocates of state control in aviation have now got their opportunity, for Short Brothers was handed over to the state some time ago. Mr. Arthur Gouge, the chief engineer and designer of Short Brothers, has now gone to another company, Saunders-Roe Limited. Here then is the state's great chance. When Short Brothers have produced a new aircraft as good as their Empire flying-boat or as the Short Sunderland I shall be ready to listen to arguments in favour of state control of the aircraft industry. So far we have not heard of any amazing improvements in the work of this fine old company. In fact, although I have in my files the names of those who are in control of it now I could not tell you those names offhand. I think my friend, Lancaster Parker, one of the greatest test pilots in the world, is still with Short Brothers, but of course he did not become the greatest test pilot in the world while Short Brothers were under state control. Anyhow, here is a fine test case which I am sure the state will use to full advantage. I am looking forward to seeing those wonderful new aircraft, so greatly superior to all the products of private enterprise, that this change in status is said to bring about.





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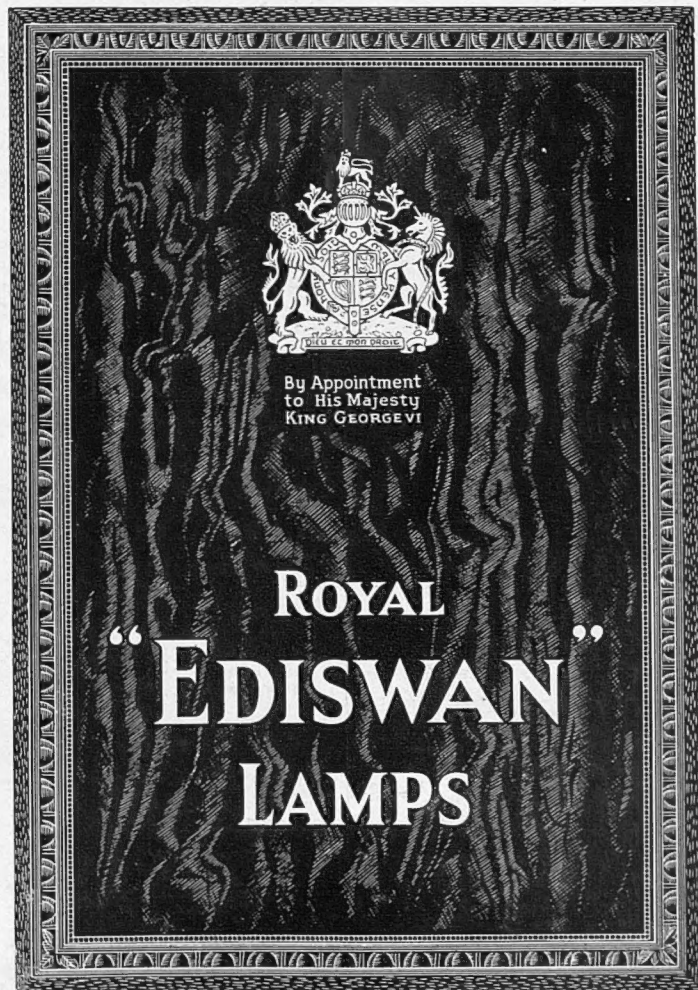
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